Feb 23

I forgot to say that Tom is fearfully
anxious that no one should know of this
scheme, as it might damage him at
the Bank if it got known — so
please don't mention a word except to
Duncan

Also he wished me to convey
his extreme gratitude to you, which
he could hardly express
Philip sends them!

1923

1st April.

Carmen de los Fosos
Generalife
Granada
Spain

Dearest,

We arrived here last night, & are staying with the Temples; the being a Miss Macleod, lord of the Scottish Isles, who says she once met you. Anyhow they're very anxious that you & Roger should come here, which I said I would pass on to you at once, & hereby do. It's an awful long journey — 2 we still have 2 days on mules & in diligences before we reach Gerald's house, up in the Sierra Nevada - mountains, I may tell you, always with snow on them. Nevertheless I am determined never to live long in England again. The rapture of getting into warmth & colour & good sense & general congeniality of temper is so great. I was overcome by the beauty of Dieppe - don't you think we might ~~et~~ share a Chalian, so large that we never met? Not to run up against Mbanks & old respectable creatures at every step as in such a way. I shall learn French at once. We had no adventures to speak of.

Travelling is very easy. I managed to avoid the Aldous Huxleys who crossed with us. I can't think it right to look precisely like an illustration to Vogue. & I daresay they thought the same t'other way round about us. Spain is quite different from France, but I leave all that for you. There was a great religious festival at Madrid, & stuffed images of great beauty (emotional, not aesthetic) were parading, & Christ was showered under with confetti. Why not bring the children up Roman Catholics? I think it induces to warmth of heart. Gerald is staying here, & we have been walking in wind & rain through the Generalife gardens, which I visited in 1904 with Adrian. Much has happened since. The Temples are an elderly couple, he racked with malaria, always wrapped in a great coat, & was at Cambridge & knew the Ll. Davies', & used to be taken to Roger's studio in Battersea. He jumped at the mention of them. He said he understood he had become very advanced, but himself stuck to Corot. She is a Scottish gentlewoman, clean, discreet, shabby, with blue eyes like poor Marney's, but is a woman of character, since her betrothed died exploring Lake Chad, when she was a girl in the Isle of Skye, & was buried (naturally enough) on the

NYPL

Carmen de los Fosos
Generalife
Granada
Spain

not without a tomb. She at once went to Edinburgh, bought a marble slab, had it engraved, & started for Lake Chad, against the wishes of all her family; deposited it on the very spot & married the Governor. Mrs. Asquith is coming on Tuesday, before I shall be gone.

Leonard & Gerald are at a bull-fight. I am afraid I am not going to be offered any tea. It is a wonderful modern house, with electric saucepans in every room. Mr. Temple is an engineer. I regret to say that I had difficulty with the W.C. this morning. Remember, if you come, to screw the handle round & round — otherwise nothing happens.

I ought to be writing an article for the Nation; but the worst of travelling for writers is that it freezes all their functions. To write to a dolphin is all very well — perhaps Mansh Leonard's terms are rejected. I hope not. I think it might be great fun. Does it strike you that we are all now elderly? — elderly, accomplished, successful, looked up to? It doesn't reach to Granada however. Murry wrote me a wormish letter, by the way, about the difference between us, & our memories & so on. I tried to imitate you, & explained that our differences are too great

to admit of any further communication; so that we had better rely on the past. Poor Tom said he was only capable of creeping into the country. His problem still remains — God knows what one can do about it. Please, however, be as discreet as marble. Mary, I gather, is the vampire they most dread — she wrote me a most affectionate letter about working at the cliffs of Dover a thinking of her, which is more than I set out upon some people I could touch with a short stick.

Did you think Rudmell very inferior to Charleston? I suppose so: but then what a pleasure that was! How the Wolves can live here: how stuffy: how ridiculous their decorations are at all. That was what Dolphin said to Duncan when they settled in at night.

Yrs.

The Posts are apparently most prolonged here, so it would be best to write to me at Hotel de Londres, Paris, to say if you're coming & when. L. has to be back on 27th; we shall get there 25th; & I shall stay on 5 or 6 days. Mrs. Temple is of course a cousin of the Vaughans.

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HARRIS 6/1/66

We're dining with Maynard on Monday. What about Lydia? I hope to God Maynard has been restrained — a fatal, & irreparable mistake.

Apr 28 1923 Saturday. 33

Dearest,

I got your letter in Paris just as I was starting back. Oddly enough, the first person I ran into at Victoria was Duncan, who was dining somewhere. — already an hour late, so I hadn't much talk. Please stay on at Rodmell as long as you or the children want. We certainly shant be able to come down yet — the Nation keeps us in a rush at present; & all its politics.

I hope I shall see you next week. I didnt write, as I thought you were touring in the north of France. I had a very amusing time in Paris, & saw a good deal of Hope & Jane. I met various oddities. among them a hunchback poetess

33v

Maria Blanchard, who said that Vanessa Bell was one of the few women to take art seriously. She didn't know I was your sister — She is humped in front, not behind, Spanish, almost an intellectuelle. There were also some friends of Clive's friends — & a lot of chatter, what I will tell you about but haven't time now. We are in a frightful turmoil with our book coming out, & now Maynard wants a special literary supt. in a hurry. Won't you write something? or Duncan? I saw the Poussins at the Louvre — the only pictures I liked: also the Alingtons, who aren't pictures: she was Hester Lestallen. They chased me about; till I went into a china shop & hid behind pots. No good. Hester bobbed up as usual, grown fat & blowsy with ankles like the thick end of asparagus. I'm sorry you don't like Rodmell nearly as much as Charleston, but it aint my fault. I don't think the children could spoil anything, as there's nothing to spoil.

Yr devoted & loving
faithful Jerry
Clear B.

Many wrote me a letter of affection so glowing I answered. I always do. Try.

HAMILL 2/10/66

NYPL

(1923?)

34

HOGARTH HOUSE
PARADISE ROAD
RICHMOND
SURREY
Telephone: Richmond 496

Dearest Dolph,

Here is a cheque for £36. 7. 8. . £33. 6. 8 is Wallers money. M. I. is Hogarth Press payment for your drawing.

The remaining two pounds I should be very grateful if you would lay out for me on a cotton dress, of the greast charm, not too bright or starling, but cool, exquisite, as long in the leg as possible; and to be sent here as soon as so you can. The rest of the money I should like to buy china with. I want six soup plates; six sweet plates. I leave the choice entirely to you. Of course, plates are always useful, if any money is over.

Dont bother. If you cant get the dress, would you let me know, as I must get one. Let me know if these items come to more than £2.

Did you read your praises in the New Statesman? best woman paints living, wonderful, lovely and so on. I like you to be praised, chiefly because it seems to prove that I must be a good writer. Oh dear, why does Lydia always come in--and why must she bg me to believe that she thinks seriously every day of her life, as she says? when her brain is a cage of canaries?

The china shop is on the left just before you get to Zotre Dame. please write; take care of yourself; &c &c. Kiss

Hamline 2/10/28

Dubcan whom I adore more and more. Do you like him better than I do? I don't believe ---but hush.

Lucie R. 27th

34v

34

Dubcan whom I adore moreand more. Do you like him better than I do? I dont believe ---but hush.

Yours affectionate sister,

Virginia Woolf.

2- 25

A copy of the wood cut was sent as requested to Mr Furst.

~~It has been [illegible]~~

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HOGARTH HOUSE
PARADISE ROAD
RICHMOND
SURREY

TELEPHONE: RICHMOND 496

1923

24th May.

Dearest,

I have several times written to you in spirit, but interruptions always occur. Really, you only want to know about your family. Quentin came down 2 weeks ago, in a snowstorm; very flourishing — indeed I've never seen such superb children as you breed: we walked, & Karin — Ann came to tea, & then Quentin, still remaining very polite, but slightly bored, superintended Ann's games. He told me that Angelica treats the Stephens as if they were dirt beneath her feet — so does he rather. I tried to get him for Whitsuntide, but he had gone yatching with the Stephens. We go to Rodmell then - weekend, (& I suppose it's no good trying to take him?) & to Sayenglen next, so I've not much chance of seeing him. I wish I could. I make him discuss his grandparents. 'Of course Aunt Dorothy's the best of them, but she's very naughty — ' What d'you mean by naughty — ? " Oh she's one of those people you can't depend upon. Sometimes she's very unpleasant ... But Vanessa ad very dull. In fact we would rather stay in London than go to Seend. " Karin. Jane Bell gave me an alarming account of Adrian's spiritual state. Apparently he has been broken down by the psycho-analysts (mentally) & has now to be put together. In 3 months he may be entirely different; the Dr. says; resolute, vivacious, pugnacious, amorous, & manly. I gather that his tragedy — as the Dr calls it — is all over Downe. He was suffering as a child. As for Karin, her emotions are being humanised.

Carrington & Partridge turned up yesterday. They are all just back, rather

discontented. I thought, & Lytton was being given his Benson medal by some society, & then they all retire to the Mill; & breed chickens. The pink dress, I should have said, arrived last week, just as I thought it lost. It's lovely, & effective, — I debated when & to impress the youth of Oxford — Puffin As pink that is to say. But at Ottoline's. She is frantic, sends the express letter, computes my lies (we tried to put her off) by returning my own promise to go, which was made in March. But I can't have seven pr enough money. We must settle. By the way, it's a strict rule that you bring me no present from Spain.

Life is rather dull at the moment. We have to spend most your time printing; & the Nation is rather hard on you. Morgan takes up the line that Maynard has no particular end in view; & brings an ascetic (he was much pleased by your compliments though) want to be tempted, to write unfortunately, talking to Lydia, I called Maynard 'your husband'! I see NYPL this is not the thing to do. Poor little parroket — there she sits at the window in a pink kimono awaiting him, I suppose. "Maynard liked your article so much Lecnār. What a good paper this! Noā noā. I can't come out to tea. I am awaiting someone!" Suppose she has to read the Nation new. What tragedies these parrokets go through! — not however your couple. Clive just written me a prodigious letter all about his compliments, & his panties, & his ladies & gentlemen. Verani, young Oxford men who admire Mrs. Woolf so much — for, of course, I am ~~wrinkled~~ with compliments, I suppose as all part of the game, but at our time of life it seems a little noisy & flashy don't you think. (vain as I am). By the way, here's a compliment for you: only Lytton went to Heals — thought your big picture very lovely; especially from the end of the room. But it's like putting a necklace of daisies round the neck of an elephant, praising you. Brenan is engaged to an American girl: Ld. Carnarvon has left Georgei's ours £25,000 each.

No more news.

Love to Duncan, & Roger.

B.

HARRUE 2/10/66

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